



Here after fo-
loweth a little boke
whyche hathe no
name, whye come
ye not to Courte.

Compyled by may-
ster Skelton Po-
etc Lanre-
ate.



All noble men of this take heed
and beleue it as your credence.

To hastye of sentence
To feare for none offence
To scarre of your expence
To large in negligencie
To slacke in recompence
To haue in excellencie
To lyght intelligencie
And to lyght in credencie
Wher these kepe resydencie
Reason is banished thence
And also dame prudencie
Wylth sober pacience
All noble men. &c.

Than wythout collusyon
Marke well thys conclusion
Through such abusion
And by such illusyon
Unto great confusyon
A noble man may fall
And hys honoure appall
And if ye thynde thys shall
Put cubbe you on the gall
Than the deuyl take all. &c.

Hec vates ille, de quis loquitur in ille

Cut by come ye not to court?

For age is a page
for the court ful b̄nmeete
for age cannot eage
Nor basse her sweete sweete
But whan age seeth that rage
Dothe alwage and refrayne
Than wyll age haue a corage
To come to court agaync

Buc

Helas, sage ouerage
To madly decayes
That age for dottage
Is recouert now a dayes
Thus age graunt domage
Is nothyng set by
And rage in a cerage
Doth renne lamentably.

So

That rage must make pillage
To catche that catche may
And wytch such forage
Hunte the balskage

Chas

that hartes wyl runne awaie
Bothe Hartes and hindes
With all good mindes
Farewell, than haue good day

Chan haue good day a dew
For defaute of rescew
Some men may happely rewe
And theyr heades mew
The tyme dothe faste ensew
That bales begin to brewe
I drede by swete Jel u
This tale wyl be to trewe
In sayth dicken thou crew.

In sayth dicken, thou crew. &c.
Dicken, thou crew doutles
For truelye to expresse
There hath be much excess
With banketyng braynlesse
With ryoting rechles
With gymbaudyng thyftles
With spend, and waste wostles
A.iii. trea-

Treating of truce restlesse
Pratyng for peace peaslesse
They countryng at Cales
Whange vs on the wales
Chefe Councelour was careles
Sconyng grouchynge graces
And to none entent
Our falwood is al brennt
Our fagottes are al spent
We may blow at the cole
Our mare hath cast her sole
And mocke hath lost her shoo
What may she do ther too
An end of an old song
Do right and no wrong
As right as a ramnes horne
For thift is thredbare worne
Our shepe are shrebedye shorne
And trouthe is al toorne
Wisdom is laught to come
Fauel is false forsworne
Fauel is nobly borne
Fauel and Harry haster

Jacke

Jacke Crane and Cole cratter
We shal heare more here altes
With pollyng and shauynge
With borowoyng and crauyng
With reuining and rauing
With swearing and staring
There bayleth no reasonyng
For wyl doth rule al thing
Wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,
He ruleth alway styl
Good reason and good skyl
They may garlick eppyl
Carry sackes to the mil
O pescoddes they may shil
O els go roste a stone
There is no man but one
That hath the strokis alone
Be it blacke or white
All that he dothe is right
As right as a Cammocke crooked
Thys bil wel ouer loked
Cleerly perceiue we may
There went the hare awa

The

the hare, the fox, the Gray
the hart, the hinde, the bucke
God send vs better lucke.

God sende vs better lucke. ac
Twt Andrew, twit Scot
Ge he me, ge scouir thy pot
For we haue spent our shot
We shall haue a tot quot
From the hope of Rome
To weaue all in one lome
A webbe of Lylle wulce
Opus male dulce
The deuill kisse his cule.
For whiles he doth rule
All is worse and worse
The deuyl kysse his arse
For whether he blesse or curse
It can not be much worse
From Baumbecow to bothābar
We haue cast vp oure war
And made a worthy truse
Wþþ gup leuel fuse

Out

Our mony madly lent
And more madly spent
From Croydon to Kent
Wote ye whither they went?
From Winchelsty to Rye
And all not worth a flye
From Wentbridge to Hull
Our armys waxeth dull
With turne all home agayne
And never a scot slayne
yet the good Erle of Murray
the french men he doth scay
And vexeth them day by day
With all the power he maye
the frenche men he hath fainted
And made their herts attainted
Of cheualry he is the flour
Our Lord be his succoure
the french men he hath so mated
And their courage abated
that they are but halfe men
Like fores in their den
Like cankerd cowardes all

Lyke

Lake heons in a stone walle
They kepe them in their holdes
Lyke hen herted cekoldes

CBut yet they auer shoote vs
With crownes and with scutes
With Scutes & crownes of gold
I dide we are bought and sold
It is a wonders warke
They shoote all at one marke
At the Cardinals hat
They shote all at that
Out of their stronge townes
They shote at him with crownes
With crownes of gold enblased
They make him so a mased
And his eyen so dased
That he ne see can
To know God nor man
He is set so hye
In his Ierarchy
Of stantike frenesey
And folysy fantasy

Chat

That in the chambre of sters
All matters there he matcs
Clapping his rod on the borde
No man dare speake a woorde
For he hath all the saying
Without any reuaying
He collecth in his recordes
He sayth, how say ye my leides?
Is not my reason good
Good cuin good Robin hood
Some say yes. And some
Sithyll as they were dome
Thus thwarting ouer thome
He ruleth al the roste
With bragging and with bofte
Borne vp on eueryside
With pompe and with pryde
With trompe vp alleluya
For dame $\ddot{\text{S}}$ hilargetya
Hath so his bart in bold
He loueth nothyng but gold
And als modeus of hel
Maketh his membris swel

With

With Dalyda to melle
That wanton damsell

A dewe philosophia
A dewe theologia
Welcomme dame Simonia
With dame Castrimergia
to dynke and for to eate
Sweet Ipocras & swete meate
to kepe his slethe chaste
In lente for a repaste
He eateth Capons stewed
Felaunt, and Partriche mewed
Hennes, chickens and pigges
He foynes and he frigges
Spaceth neither mayd ne wyfe
this is a postels life

Helas my hart is sorry
to tel of bayne glory
But now vpon this stoy
I wyl no further tyme
tyl another tyme
T Ty l another tyme.

what

What newes what newes
Small newes the true is
That be worth two knes
But at the naked stewes
I understande howe that
The sygne of the Cardynall hat
That Inne is now shit vp
With gup whore gup, nowe gup
Gup Gilliam Traullian
With iast you I say Julian
Wyl ye beare no coles
A many of maresfoles
That occupy their holes
full of pocky moles.
What heare ye of Lancashire
They were not payd they hyre
They are fell as any fyre
What heare ye of Cheshire
They haue layde all in the myre
They grudge and sayde
They wages were not payde
Some sayde they were afayde
Of the Scottishe hoste

ffo:

for all their crake and boſt
wilde fire and thunder
for all this worldly wonder
A hundred myle a ſunder
They were when they were next
That is a true text

What heare ye of the ſcottes
They make vs all ſottes
Poppyng folyshe daues
They make vs to pyll ſtaues
They play their old prankeſ
After huntly bankes
At the ſtrene of Banokes burne
They did vs a ſhewode turne
When Edward of Barnaruan
Lost all that his father wan

What heare ye of the lord dakers
He makeſt vs Jacke rakers
He ſayes we are but crakers
He calleſt vs England men
Stronge harted lyke an hen
For the ſcottes and heſ

to

To wel they do agree
With do thou for mee
And I shal do for thee
Whiles the red hat doth endare
he maketh him self cocke sure
The red hat with his lute
Byngeth al thinges vnder cure

But as the world now goost
What heare ye of the Lord Rose
Nothyng to purpose
Not worth a cockly fose
Their hertes be in their host
The Erle of Northumberland
Dare take nothing on hand
Our barons be so bolde
Into a mouse hole they wold
Runne away and creep
Like a mainy of sheep
Dare not loke out a dut
For bredde of the maystife cur
For bredde of the bouchers dog
wold werry them like an hog
for and this curre do gracie

ther

They must stande all a far
To holde vp their hand at þ bar
For all their noble bloude
He pluckes them by the hood
And shakes them by the eare
And bryng them in such feare
He bayteth them lyke a beare
Lyke an oxe or a bul
Theit wittes he sayth are dul
He sayth they haue no brayne
Theyre estate to maintaine
And make to bome their knee
Before his maestee.

Judges of the kinges lawes
He countes them foiles & dawes
Sergeautes of the coyfe & ke
He sayeth they are to seke
In pleating of their case
At the commune place
Or at the kinges benche
He wringeth them such a wretche
That al our learned men

Dace

Dare not set theyr penne
To plete a true tryall
Within westminster hall
In the chaucery wher he sittes
But suche as he admittes
None so hardy to speake

He sayth, thou huddy peake
Thy learning is to lewd
Thy tounge is not well thewde
To seekes before our grace
And openly in that place
He rages and he caues
And calleſ them cakerd knaues
Thus royally he doth deale
Under the kinges brode seale
And in the checker he the checks
In v ster chāb̄e he nods & becks
And beareth him there so stout
That no man dare rout
Duke, Earle, Baron, nor Lord
But to his sentence must accord
Whether he be knight or squyer
All men must folow his desyre

B.i. What

What say ye of the scottish king
That is another thing
He is but an yongling
A tall worthy stripling
her is a whispring & a whispliug
He shoulde be hither brought
But and it were well sought
I crow all wil be nought
Not worth a shittel cocke
Nor worth a sourse calstocke

There goeth many a lye
Of the duke of Albany
That of shoulde go his head
And brought in quicke or dead
And all Scotland oures
the moutenaunce of two houres
But as some men sayn
I drede of some false trayn
Subtelly wrought halbe
Under a fained treate
But within monethes three
Men may happily see

The

The trechery, and the prankes
Of the Scottishe bankes

What heare ye of Burgonios
And the Spanyardes Onions?
They haue slain our Englishmen
Aboue three score and ten
For al your amitee
No better they agree
God saue my Lord Admirel

What heare ye of Muttrel?
There wyth I dare not mel
Yet what heare ye tell
Of our graund counsel?
I could say some what
But speake ye no more of that
for dredde of the red hat
Take peper in the nose
for than thyne head of gole
Of by the hard arse
But there is some trauars
Betwene some and some
That makes our sice to glum
It is some what wrong

B.II. that

Chat his berde is so long
He moneth in blacke cloþing
I pray god sauе the king
Where euer he go or ride
I pray God be his gide
Thus wil I conclude my stile
And fall to rest a whyle

C And so to rest a whyle. &c.

B Ace yet agayne
Of you I wold fraine
Why come ye not to courte
To which court?
To the kinges courte
Or to Hampton courte?
Nay to the kinges courte
Che kinges courte
Should haue the excellencie
But hampton courte
Hath the preeminencie
And yorke's place
With my Lordes grace
Co whose magnifcence

Is all the confluence
Sutes and supplications
Embassades of all nacyons
Straw for lawe can on
Or for the lawe common
Or for lawe ciuil
It shall be as he wylle
Stop at lawe ancrete
An obstract or a concrete
Be it sone be it sweete
His wisdome is so discrete
That in a lume or an hete
Warden of the flete
Set him fast by the fete
End of his royal poure
Whan him list to loure
Than haue him to the toun
Saunz auarter remedy
Haue him forth by and by
To the marshals y
Or to the kinges benche
he diggeth so in the trench
Of the court roiall

That

That he ruleth them all
So he dothe vndermynde
And such sleightes dothe fynde
That the kinges mynde
By him is subuerted
And so streatly coarted
In credensing his tales
That all is but nutshales
That any other sayth
He hath in hym such faith

Now, yet al this myght be
Suffered and taken in gree
If that, that he wroughe
To any good end wer brought
But all he byngeth to noughe
By God that me deare bought
He beareth the king on hand
That he must pyl his land
To make his cofers ry ch
But he layeth al in the dyche
And useth such abusion
That in the conclusion

All commeth to confusyon
Perceiue the cause whye
to tell the trouthe plainlye
he is so ambitious
So shameles, and so vicious
And so superstitious
And so much oblivious
From whens that he came
that he falleth into Aciſiam
Whiche truely to expreſſe
Is a forgetfulnes
Or wylful blindnes
With her with the Sodomitſes
Lost their inward sightes

The gomorrians also
were brought to deadly wo
As scripture recordes.

A cecitate cord is
In the latyn syngē we
Libera nos domine

But this mad Amalecke
Like to Amamelek
he regardeth Lordes

B. iii.

20

þe more than pot thordes
he is in suchelacion
Of his exaltacion
And the supportacion
Of our soueraine Lorde
That God to record
he ruleth al at wyl
Without reason or skyl
howbe it they be prymordyal
Of hys wretched orygynall
And his base progeny
Anz his gresy genealogy
he came of the sanke roial (stal
that was cast oute of abouchers

CBut howe euer he was borne
Men would haue ther leſſe scorn
If he could consyder
his byrth and towme together
And call to his mynde
how noble and how kinde
To hym he hath founde
Our souerayne lord chieſt ground
of

¶f all thys prelacy
And set hym nobly
In great auctorite
Out from a low degee
Whiche he can not see
for he was parde
No doctor of deuinitte
Noz doctor of the law
Noz of none other saw
But a pore maister of arte
God wot had little part
¶f the Quatriuals
Noz yet of triuals
Noz of philosophye
Noz of philology
Noz of good policy
Noz of Alstronomy
Noz acquainted worth a fly
With honourable haly
Noz with royall þþtholomy
Noz with Alburnasat
Cotte ate of any stat
Fyrt oz els mobil

bys

His latin tounge dothe hobbyl
He doth but clout and cobbel
In tullis facultie
Called humanitie
Yet proudly he dare pretend
How no man can him amend
But haue ye not heard this
How an one eyed man is
Wel sighted, when
He is amoung blynd men.

Than our proces soz to stable
this man was ful vnable
to reche to such degree
had not our Prince be
Royall henry the eyght
take him in such conceypte
that he set hym on he yght
In exemplifying
Great Alexander the king
In writing as we finde
Which of his royal minde
And of his noble pleasure

tran

Transcending out of measure
Thought to do a thyng
That pertayneth to a king
to make vp one of nought
And made to him be brought
A wretched pore man
Whiche his living wan
With planting of Leekes
By the dayes and by the weches
And of this pore bassal
He made a kynge royal
And gaue him a realme to rule
that occupied a showel
A mattoke, and a spade
Before that he was made
A kynge, as I haue told
And ruled as he wold
Such is a kynges power
to make within an hower
And worke such a miracle
that shalbe a spectacle
Of renowme and worldly fame
In like wise now the same

Cardinal

Cardinall, is promoted
yet with lewd condicions noted
As hereafter benc noted

Presumpcion and bain glouye
Enuy, wrath, and lechery
Couetes, and gluttony
Slouthfull to do good
Now frantike, now starke wode
Shuld this man of such mode
Rule the swerde of myght
how can he do right
for he wyll as soone smight
his freend, as his foe
A prouerbe longe a go

Set vp a wretche on hys
In a trone triumphantly
Make him a great estate
And he wyl play checke mate
With royall maestee
Count himself as good as he
A prelate potenciall
To rule vnder Bellyall

As

As ferce and as cruell
As the feende of hel
His seruautes menyal
He dothe reule and biall
Lyke Mahound in a play
No man dare him with say
He hath dispight and scorne
At them that be welborne
He rebukes them and rayles
Ye horsons, ye bassayles
ye knaues, ye churles sonnes
ye ribauds, not worth two plums
ye rainbeaten beggers reiagged
ye recrayed ruffins all tagged
With stoupe thou hauel
Renne thou iauel
Thou peuisish pie pecked
Thou losel long necked
Thus dally they be decked
taunted and checked
That thei are so wo
they wot not whether to go.
No man dare come to the speche

¶

Of this gentel Tacke bzech
Of what estate he be
Of spiritual dignite
Nor duke of hys degree
Nor Marqurs, Earle, nor Lord
Whiche shewdly doth accord

Thus he borne so base
All noble men shold out face
His countinaunce lyke a kayser
My Lord is not at layser
Syr ye must tary a stound
Tyl better layser be found
And syr, ye must daunce attedaunce
And take pacient sufferaunce
For my Lordes grace
Hath now no time nor space
To speake with you, as yet

And thus they shal syt
Chuse them syt or flit
Stand, walke, or ride
And his laiser abide
Parchaunce half a yere
And yet never the nere

This

This daungerous dowsipere
Like a kinges pere
And within this.xvi.yere
He wold haue ben right sayn
To haue ben a chaplyn
And haue taken right great pain
With a pore knyght
What so euer he hight
The chefe of his own counsel
They can not wel tell
Whan they with him shold mel
He is so fierce and fel
He rayles and he rates
He calleth them doddy pates
He grinnes and he gaves
As it were Jacke Mapes
Such a mad wedleyn
For to rule this realm
It is a wonderous case
That the kinges grace
Is toward him so minded
And so farre blinded
That he can not perceiue

how

How he doth him disceyue
I dought least by **S**orcery
Or such other loselry
Is witch craft, or charming
For he is the kinges derling
And his sweete hart rote
Is governed by this mad koote
For what is a man the better
For the kynges letter
For he wil tere it a sunder
Wherat much I wonder
How such a hoddy poule
So boldly dare controule
And so malapertly withstand
The kinges owne hand
And settes not by it a mite
He sayth the kyng doth wryte
And wryteth he wot not what
And yet for all that
The kyng his clemency
Despensest with his demensy

Eut what his grace doth thinke

I haue no pen nor ynke
That therwith can mel
But wel I can tel
How ffraunces Petrarcke
That much noble clerke
Writeth how charlemaigne
Could not hym self refrayne
But was rauisht with a rage
Of a like dotage
But howe that came aboute
Rede ye the story out
And ye shal finde surely
It was by nicromansy
By carectes and coniuracion
Under a certayne constellacyon
And a certayne fumigacyon
Under a stone on a gold ryng
Brought to Charlemain þ king
Which constrainyd him forcebly
For to loue a certaine body
Aboue all other inordinatlye
This is no fable nor no lie
At Acon it was brought to pas

C.i.

A.S.

As by mine auctor tried it was
but let mi masters mathematical
Tel you the rest, for me they shal
They haue the ful intelligence
And dare vse the experiens
In thete obsoleute conscience
To praktique such abolete sciens
for I abhoz to smatter
Of one so deuillyshe a inatter
But I wil make further relaciō
Of this Isagogical collation
How master Gaguine the crowe
Of the feates of war (nicler
That were done in Fraunce,
Make thy remembraunce
How kyng Lewes of Late
Made vp a great estate
Of a pore wretched man
Wherof much care began
Johānes Walua was his name
Mine auctor wryteth the same
Promoted was he
To a Cardinals dignitie

By

By Lewe is the kynge aforesayd
With him so wel apayd
That he made hi hys chaunceler
To make all, or to mar
And to rule as him liste
Tyl he checked at the fiste
And agayne all reason
Committed open treason
And against his lord souerain
Wherfore he suffred pain
Was heded, drawen & quartered
And dyed stinkingly martyred
Loe yet for all that
He ware a cardinals hat
In him was small fayth
As mine auctor sayth
Not for that I meane
Such a casueltie shold be seens
Or suche chaunce shold fal
Unto oure Cardinal.

Almighty God I trust
Hathe for him discoste
That of force he muste

C.ii. Be

Be faythful, true and iuste
To oure moste royal kynge
Cheef rote of his makyng
yet it is a wylle mouse
That cā bylde his dwellic house
Wþythin the catte's eare
Withouten drede or feare
It is a nice reconting
To put al the gouernyng
Al the rule of this land
Into one mans hand
One wise mans head
May stand somwhat in stede
But the wittes of many wyle
Much better can deuise
By their circumspetion
And their sad direction
To cause the commune weale
Longe to endure in heale
Christ kepe king Henry the eight
From trechery and disceight
And graunt him grace to know
The faucon from the Crow

The wolle from the Lamb
from whens that maistre came
Let him never confounde
The gentyl gre phound
Of this matter the ground
Is easly to expound
And sone may be perceyued
How the wold is conuyed

C But harke my frēd one word
In earnest or in borde
Tel me now in this stede
Is maister Mewtas dead
The kinges french secretary
And his vntrue aduersary
for he sent in writing
To fraunces the french kinge
of our masters couſel i eueri thig
That was a perillous reckening

C Nay nay, he is not dead
But he was so payned in þ head
that he shal never eat more bred

C.iii. Now

Now he is gone to a nother fide
Wyth a Bul vnder lead
By way of commission
To a straunge iurisdiction
Called Diminges Dale
Farre beyonde portyngale
And hathe his pasporte topas
Ultra sauro matas
To the deuyl syr Sathanas
To Pluto and syr Bellyal
The deuyls vicare general
And to his colledge conuentuall
As wel calodeimonial
As to cacade monyal
To purvey for our Cardinal
A palace pontifical
To kepe his court prouincial
Upon articles iudicall
To contend and to striue
for his prerogatiue
Within that consistory
To make sommons pereimtorie
Before some protonotory

Impe-

Imperial or papal
Upon this matter mystical
I haue told you part, but not all
Here after perchaunce I shal
Make a larger memoryal
And a further rehersall
And more paper I thinke to blot
To the court why I caine not
Desiring you aboue al thing
To kepe you from laughynge
Whan ye fall to reding
Of this wanton scrowle
And pray for Mewetas soule
for he is wel past and gone
That wold god euerychone
Of his affinitie
Were gone as wel as he
Amen, amen, say ye
Of your inward charitie.
Amen.

C Of you inward charitie.
IT were greate ruche
For writinge of truche.

Aug

Anye manne shoulde be
In perplexitie
Of displeasure
For I make you sure
Where trouth is abhoyd
It is a playne recordē
That therre wantes grace
In whose place
Dethe occupye
Ful vngtaciously
fals flattery
fals trecherie
fals brybery
Subtyle Sym Sly
Wyth mad folye
For who can best lye
he is best set by
Than fare well to thee
Welthfull felicitee
For prosperitie
A waye than wyll flee
Than muste we agree
With pouertye

for misery
With penurye
Miserably
And wretchedly
Hath made us cry
And oute eyne
folowyng the chace
To dryue away grace
yet sayest thou percase
We can lacke no grace
for my Lorde's grace
And my Ladys grace
With treydeuse ase
And ase in the face
Some haute and some bace
Some daunce the trace
Euer in one case
Marke me that chace
In the Tennis play
For sinke quater trey
Is a tal man
he rod, but we can
hay the gye and the gan

the

The graye goose is no swan
The wates waxe wan
And begges they ban
And they cursed dat an
De tribu dan
That thys woxke began
Balam, et clam
With Balak and Balam

The golden ram
Of siemmyng dam
Sem, Iapheth, or cam?
But how come to pas
Your cupboorde that was
Is turned to glasse
from siluer to brasse
from golde to pewter
Or els to a newter
To copper, to tyn
To leade, or Alcumyn
A goldsmith your Mayre
But the chefe of your sayre
Might stand now by potters
And

And suche as sel trotters
Hytchars, porshordes
This shrewdly accordes
To be a cupborde for Lordes

My lord now and sit knyghte
Good euen and good nyghte
For nowe sir Tristam
Ye muste weare bucktairm
Or Canuas of Cane
For sylkes are wane
Our roials that shone
Our nobles are gone
Amonge the Burgonyons
And spanyardes Onyons
And the flanderkyns
Gylsweates and Cate spinnes
They are happy that wynnes
But Englande maye well say
Fye on this winnyng alway
Now nothing, but pay pay
With laughe and lay downe
Borough, Citie and towne
Good Springe of Lanam

Hult

Must counte what he came
Of hys clothe makynge
He is at such taking
Though his purse wax dul
He must tax for hys wul
By nature of a new wryt
My Lorde's grace nameth it
A quia non satisfacit
In the spight of his teeth
he must pay agayne
A thousand or twayn
Of his gold in store
And yet he payde before
An hundred pound and more
Which pincheth hym soze
My Lorde's grace wil bryng
Downe thys hye spryng
And bryng it so lowe
It shal not euer flow.

CSuch a prelate I trow
Were worthy to row
Therow the streytes Marocke

To

To the gybbet of Baldock
He wold dryp vp the stremes
Of. ix. Kinges realmes
Al riuers and wels
Al waters that swels
For with vs he so mels
That within England dwels
I wold he were somwhere els
For els by and by
He wyl drynke vs so dryp
And sucke vs so nyne
That men shal scantly
Haue penny or halpennye
God sauē hys noble grace
And graunt him a place
Endlesse to dwel
With the devill of hel
For and he were there
We nead never feare
Of the feendes blake
For I vnder take
He wold so brag and crake
That he wold than make

The

The deuyls so quake
To shudder and to shake
Lyke a fierdrake
And with a cole take
Bruse them on a brake
And binde them to a stake
And set hel on fyre
At his owne desire
He is such a grym syze
And such a potestolate
And such a potestate
That he wold breke the braynes
Of Lucifer in his chaines
And rule them eche one
In Luctfers trone
I wold he were gone
for amonoge vs is none
That ruleth, but he alone
With oute all good reason
And all oute of season
For folam p^tason
With hym be not geson
They grow very tanke

Upon

Upon euerie banke
Of his herbes greene
With my lady bright and sheene
On their game it is seen
They play not al cleen
And it be as I weene

¶ But as touching distrection
With sober direction
He kepeth them in subiection
They can haue no protection
To rule nor to guide
But all must be tryde
And abide the correction
Of him wil ful affection
For as for wytte
The devill speed whitte
But brainsicke and braynlesse
Wytes and reachlesse
Careles and shamelesse
Thistles and gracelesse
Together are bended
And so condiscended

that

That the commune welth
Shal never haue good helth
But tatterd and tugged
Ragged, and rugged
Shauen and shorne
And all threde bare worne
Such gredines
Such nedines
Miserablenes
With wretchednes
Hath brought in distres
And much heauines
And great dolour
England the flour
Of reluent honour
In old commemozacion
Most royal English nacion
Now all is out of facion
Almoste in desolation
I speake by protestacion
God of his miseracion
Send better reformacion
Lo, soz to do shamfully

He

He iudgeth it no foly
But to write of his shaine
He saythe we are to blame
What a frensi is this
No shame to do amys
And yet he is a shamed
To be shameful y named
And oft prechours be blamed
Bycause they haue proclaimed
His madnes by writing
His simpleneshes resiting
Remording and biting
With chiding and with siting
Shewyng him goddes lawes
He calleth the preachers dawes.

¶ And of holy scriptures lawes
He counteth them for gigaues
And putteth them to scilence
And with wordes of violence
Like pharao, void of grace
Did Moyses sore manake
And Acon sore he thret

D. i. The

The word of God to let

This maumet in likewise
Agaynst the church doth rise
The preachour he dothe despise
With craking in such wise
Sobragging all with boist
That no preacheour almost
Dare speake for hys life
Of mi lordes gracie, nor his wife
For he hath such a bul
He may take whome he wul
And as many as him likes
Meate at pigges in lent for pikes
After the sectes of heretikes
For in lent he wyle ate
All maner of fleshe meate
That he can anywhere geas
With other abusions great
Wherof to trete
It wold make the devil to swete
For all pruileged places
He brekes and defaces
All places of religion

He hath them in derision
And maketh such prouifion
To drive them at diuisyon
And finally inconclusyon
To bring them to confusyon
Saynt Albons to record
Wherof thys ungracious Lord
Hath made hym self abbot
Against their willes god wot
All this he dothe deale
Under strengþ of the great seal
And by his legacy
Which madly he doth applye
Unto an extravagancye
Byked out of all good labe
With reasons that be n rāw
yet whan he toke firsþ his hat
he sayd he knew what was what
Al iustice he pretended
Al thinges shold be amended
Al wronges he wold redresse
Al injuries he wold repres
Al perciurie he wold oppresse

D.ii.

And

And yet this graceles else
He is perciuted him selfe
Is playnlye it dothe appere
Who list to enquire
In the regestry
Of my Lord of Cantorbury
To whome he was proffessed
In thre pointes exprest

The ffirst to do him reuerence
The secōd to owe him obediēnce
The thirde with whole affection
To be vnder his subiectiōn
But now he maketh obiection
Under the protection
Of the kīnges great seale
That he setteth never a deale
By his former othe
Whether god be pleased or wroth
He maketh so proud pretence
That in his equipole ns
He iudgeth him equiualent
With God omnipotent
But yet beware the rod

And

And the stroke of God
The apostel Peter
Had a pore miter
And a pore cope
Whan he was create Pope
Fyrst in Antioche
He did never approche
Of Rome to the see
Wylth such dignitie

Saint dunstan what was he
Nothing he saith like to me
There is a diuersitie
Betwene him and me
We passe hym in degré
As legatus a latere

Ecce sacerdos magnus
That wyl hed vs and hange vs
And straightly strangle vs
That he maye fang vs
Decre and decretal
Constitution prouinciall
Nor no lawe canonicall
Shal let the preest pon tifcall

ts

To sit in cansa sanguinis
Now god amende that is amis
for I suppose that he is
Of Jeremy the whisking god
The flayle, the scourge
Of almighty God

This Naman Sirus
So fel and soitrous
So ful of melancholy
With a flap before his eye
Men wene that he is pocky
Or els his surgions they lye
For as far as they can spy
By the craft of surgery
It is manus domini
And yet this proud Antiochus
He is so ambitious
So elate, and so vicious
And so cruel harted
that he wyl not be conuerted
For he setteth God a partie
He is now so ouerthwart
And so payned with panges

that

That al hys trust hanges
In Balthasor, whch healed
domigos nose, that was wheled
That Lamberdes nose meau **I**
That standeth yet a wry
It was not healed alderbest
It standeth somwhat on the west
I meane Domingo Lomelyn
That was wonte to win
Muche mony of the king
At the cardes and haserdung
balthasor haled domigos nose
From the pustilde pochy nose
now with his gunnes of araby
hath pnisid to hele our cardnals
yet surgiōs put a dout (28)
Lest he wil put it clear out
To make hi lame of hys neder lym
god sed hym sorow for his sines
Sum mē might aske a question
By whose suggestion
I toke on hand this warke
Thus boldly for to batte

And men little to harke
And my wordes marke
I wyl ans were like a clerke
For truly and vnsayned.
I am forcibly constrained
At Juuinalis request
To wryght of this gloriouse gest
Of this baine gloriouse beast
His fame to be increast
At euery solempne feast
Quia difficile est
Satiram non scribere?
Now master doctour, howsay ye
What so euer your name be
What though ye be namelesse
ye shal not escape blamelesse
Nor yet shal scape shamelesse
Mayster doctor in your degré
your self madly ye ouer see
Blame Juuinal & blame not me
Maister doctor diricium
Omne, animi vicium. &c.
As Juuinall doth record

A small defaute in a great Lord
A lytle cryme in a greate estate
Is muche more inordinate
And more horribble to beholde
Than ani other a thousand fold
Ye put to blame ye wot nere whē
Ye may weare a cockes coome
Your fōd hed in your furred hood
Hold ye your touge ye cā no good
And at more conuenient time
I may fortune for to rime
Somwhat of your madnesse
For small is your sadnesse
To put any man in lacke
And say yll behinde hys backe
And my wordes marke trulye
That ye cannot bide thereby
For Smigma nō est sinamomū
But de absentibus nil nisi bonū
Complainte or do what ye will
Of your complaint it shal not skil
This is the tenor of my bil
A daucocke ye be, & so shalbe still

Sequitur

Esequitur epitoma
de morbilloso Thoma
Hec non obscene
de polipheimo. sc.

Properbelle dissimulatur
Illi pādulohū tatum legatū
Tam formidatū nuper prelatum
Sci. Namā sicū nunc elongatā
Insolitudine tam commoeratum
Neapolitano morbo grauatum
Malagine, cataplasmati statū
Pharma copoli ferro foratum
Aibilo magis alleuiatum
Aibilo melius aut medicacum
Relictis famulis ad simulatur
Quo tollatur infamia
Sed maior patet insanus
A modo ergo Ganea
Abhorreat ille Ganeus
Dominus male Cetecus
Aptius Dictus Tetricus
Phanaticus freneticus

Graphi-

Graphicus sicut Metriceus
Autumat.

Hoc genus dictaminis
Non egit examinis
In cætilo quid nec cælmetra
Honorat
Grammaticus
Mauri.

Decasticon biculatum in ga-
leratum, Licaonta marinum. se
Progh dolor, ecce maris lupus
et nequissimus, vysus
Carnificis vitulus Britonumque
dubulus iniquus
Conflatus, vitulus, vel **O**reb
vel **S**almana, vel **zeb**.
Garduuus, et crudelis **Asaph**
que **Datan** reprobatus
Blandus et **Echthiphel**, regis
seclus omne **Britanum**
Ecclias qui namque **Thomas**
confundit ubique
Non sacer iste, **Thomas**

sed

sed duro corde, & soleas
Quem gestat Mulus
Sathanus caret (obsecro) culus
fundens Asphaltum (precor)
hunc versum lege cautum
Asperius nichil est misero
Naum surget in altum.

Apóstrophā an londini ciues
(citāto mulum asino aureo gale-
rato) in occursum aquile. sc.

Existat eu asinus multum
(mirabile, visu

Calcibus & vestro ciues
occurrite Asello

Qui regnum regemque regit
qui vestra gubernat
Predia diuicias, nummos
gas as spoliando.

Dixit alludens, immo illudēs
podo xā de asino aureo galero.

xxxiii.

Hec batis ille, de quo loquuntur
mille. **F**inis.

Impynted at
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Ihon v^mallye